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T H E
Fable of the Cods-Heads :
 O R,
 A REPLY to the *Dutch-Men's* Answer
 to the Resolutions of the House of Commons.

TH E Beasts with Indignation warm'd,
 Against the Birds a grand Alliance form'd,
 And made a general Invitation
 To all that would Espouse the Combination.
 Amongst the rest, the Fishes One and All
 Said, They'd with their Confederates stand and fall,
 And Sign'd the glorious League,
 With Threatnings, and with Words as big,
 As if themselves would end the War at once,
 And pick their Adversaries Bones.
 In short, a War was instantly declar'd,
 And every thing to take the Field prepar'd.
 When, these same Fishes who before
 Had such Eternal Friendship swore,
 Instead of sending Troops were stated
 Or Ammunition Stipulated,
 Sent their Excuse, to let them understand,
Fishes were never us'd to *March* by *Land*.

M O R A L.

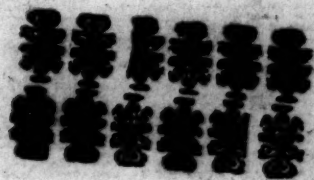
SH O U L D we presume to invert the Tale
 On our Allies in Portugal
 And cry they ne'er Equip'd a Sail,
 No Man could our Assertion Gainsay ;
 Or, should we on the other Hand,
 Affirm they'll do the same by Land,
 Unless they make a better Stand,
 Than some did at Almanza.
 Would it not be a very pritty Fancy ?
 Else, should we with the C-----s say,
 We Two Thirds more than Holland pay,
 Only for them to get the Day,
 And Thrive by our Undoing.
 Would not Three Parts in Four agree,
 That there are no such F-----s as we,
 Who can't but our Destruction see,
 And wont prevent our Ruin ?
 Each one of the Allies should share
 A just Proportion of the War,
 And Stipulated Charges bear,
 Till things for Peace are Riper
 Or B-----ain thou art not to blame,
 If thou the Dance of War disclaim,
 And cease to make all Europe Game,
 By paying Europe's Piper.

7***

THE MERCHANT

A-la-mode.

To the Tune of
Which no Body can deny.



L O N D O N:

Printed by Rich. Newcomb in Fleetstreet; MDCCXIII.
Price a Penny.

THE
MERCHANT

A-la-mode.

To the Tune of
Which no Body can deny.



L O N D O N :
Printed by Rich. Meares in Fleetstreet, MDCCLXII.
Price 3 pence.

(2)

THE MERCHANT A-la-mode, &c.

Attend and prepare for a Cargo from *Dover*,
The Preludes of Peace with Duke d' *Aumont's* come over,
Which will the true Hearts of each Subject discover,
Which no Body can deny, deny, which no Body can deny.

A noble brave Troop rode on Horseback before him,
The People Huzza'd and with Shouts did adore him,
Whilst the *Whigs* were confounded to see such *honorem*;
Which, &c.

Their Hopes and Designs of a War is all blast;
Their Times of Insulting Authority's past,
Since depriv'd of all Places of Honour and Trust;
Which, &c.

A Dance by the Allies hand in hand was begun,
Till *England* was tir'd and wish'd to sit down,
The rest being inrag'd, swore they'd Jigg it alone;
Which, &c.

The Musick struck up to the Tune as before,
Yet each said they ne're had such Partner's before;
For the *Dutch* figur'd in, whilst the *Germans* crost o'er,
Which, &c.

Then strait a Confusion and Uproar was made,
All *quondam* Alliance and Friendship was void;
For the *Germans* a Farthing to Musick ne're paid;
Which, &c.

Thus,

(2)

THE MERCHANT A-la-mode, &c.

A Friend and prepare for a Cargo from Dover,
The Probes of Peace with Duke of Anjou's name over,
Which will the true Hearts of each Subject discover,
Which no Body can deny, deny, which no Body can deny.

A noble brave Troop rode on Horseback before him,
The People Huzza'd and with Shouts did adore him.
Whilst the Wags were commanded to see him pass,
Huzza, &c.

Their Hopes and Desires of a War is all past;
Their Times of Insulting Ambition's past,
Since deprived of all Places of Honour and Trust;
Woe, &c.

A Dance by the Alliance hand in hand was begun,
Till England was tired and wished to be done,
The rest being tired, twice they'd beg it alone;
Woe, &c.

The Music struck up to the Tune as before,
For each said they ne'er had such Partner's before;
For the Dance sign'd in, whilst the Germans cry'd out,
Woe, &c.

Then first a Confusion and Uproar was made,
All good Alliance and Friendship was void;
For the Germans a Tarring to Mullik ne'er paid,
Woe, &c.

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